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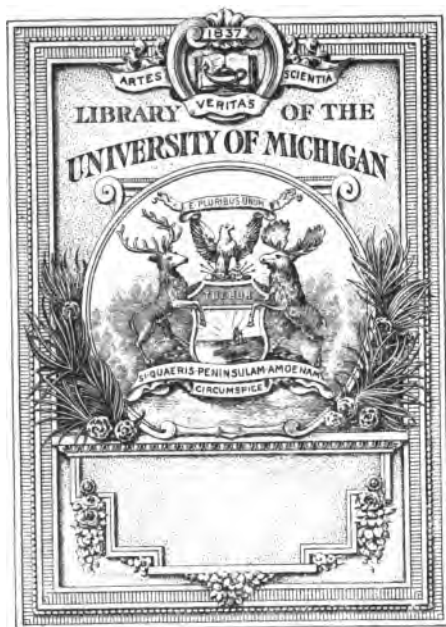
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A plea for the
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Alma College, June
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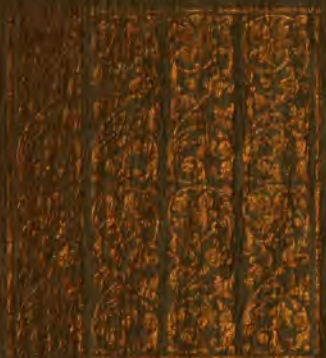
Plan

for

the

Smaller

College





*Yours truly,
John P. Cleveland*

A PLEA
FOR THE
SMALLER COLLEGE

71236

AN ADDRESS
DELIVERED ON FOUNDERS' DAY AT
ALMA COLLEGE
JUNE 16, 1897

from BY *author*
DAVID M. COOPER
PASTOR EMERITUS
OF
MEMORIAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
DETROIT, MICH.



DETROIT, MICH.
JOHN BORNMAN & SON, PRINTERS, 12 TO 18 LARNED STREET EAST
1898

ALMA, Mich., Nov. 24th, 1897.

Rev. David M. Cooper, D. D.

DEAR SIR—We, the undersigned, members of the executive committee of Alma College, feel that you did us a great service in preparing for Founders' Day your noble address upon the American College. We are desirous that it shall have a larger audience than that which greeted it last June. We also wish it for reference as a part of the history of Presbyterianism in Michigan. Will you therefore add another to the many services you have rendered the college and the church by publishing the same in such form as will be most agreeable to yourself?

Yours with the greatest regard,

A. W. WRIGHT,
E. A. BAGLEY,
N. B. BRADLEY.

ADDRESS
ON
FOUNDERS' DAY, ALMA COLLEGE

JUNE 16th, 1897



IT was with some reluctance that I accepted the invitation to address you to-day on a topic already made familiar by the eloquent inaugural address of Geo. F. Hunting, D. D., your first President, and by the admirable History of Alma College prepared by the Rev. Dr. Bruske, and so widely circulated. Nevertheless, the fact that even during the decade that has elapsed since the organization of Alma College some who were eminently active at its birth have entered into their rest, renders it incumbent upon those of its founders who yet remain, but who must soon follow them, to place on record—each as seen from his own angle of vision—what were their motives and aim in an undertaking which, to many at the time, seemed visionary and impracticable.

While hesitating as to my fitness to discharge the duty assigned to me, with credit to myself and profit to you, my eye fell upon a little verse composed by the Rev. Dr. Deems, that appears upon the frontispiece of his recently published Autobiography, that inspired me to begin:

“ That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest:
Then do not worry.”

Founders' Day, which we now inaugurate, suggests two ideas, viz: **FIRST**, the history of this institution. **SECOND**, the aims of those who participated in laying its foundation.

In rehearsing anew the history of Alma College it shall be my purpose, omitting lengthy details, to emphasize the fact that this Institution was born of God and was not the contrivance of man; and then, by taking as my theme "a plea for the smaller college," to embody in that theme the motives and aims of those men whom God chose to employ as instruments in carrying out his design.

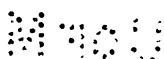
You have now become acquainted with the fact, the knowledge of which has so long been kept in such abeyance as to be almost forgotten, that the idea of a college under the auspices of the Synod of Michigan is not a new one, but as old as the history of the State.

The name of John P. Cleveland, D. D., you must have noticed, appears in the Minutes of Synod as the second in the roll of Moderators in 1835, and again as Moderator in 1843. The honor to have been thus twice chosen appears never to have been conferred upon any other man, an indication of the high estimation in which he was held by his brethren. He also acted as Stated Clerk from 1834-7. In the year 1837 Dr. Cleveland resigned his pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Detroit and was installed pastor of the church at Marshall, and took charge of a preliminary school as President of the Institution.

Marshall was at that period prospectively the most promising interior town of the State, scarcely excepting Ann Arbor. It was near the center of the Lower Peninsula, on the line of its only railroad, in the midst of a fine agricultural region, and peopled by stalwart men, of whom the Hon. Charles T. Gorham, at one time Assistant Secretary of the Interior under Senator Chandler and subsequently our Minister at the Hague, stands as a fair representative. He still remains among us, vigorous in health and staunch in his devotion to our beloved church.

In the month of February, 1840, the Presbytery of Detroit took the following action, and this action was four years before the late William B. Wesson, of Detroit, its first student, and who constituted the entire class for the year 1844, was matriculated at our State University:

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this Presbytery no action of civil government on the subject of education, however liberal, can *fully* meet the moral wants of a community, and that volun-



tary institutions sustained and controlled by the church, are imperiously demanded.

Resolved, That this Presbytery do accordingly recommend to the prayers and charities of the church under their care the college recently incorporated at Marshall by the exertions of a committee heretofore appointed by a unanimous vote of the Synod of Michigan.*

By a sad and mysterious providence this laudable design of our Synod was frustrated. Dr. Cleaveland's wife was seized with a severe illness. By mistake her attendant administered to her the wrong medicine, which proved fatal. She was a lovely woman, who exercised a wholesome restraint over her husband, who was of a fiery, impetuous nature. Broken-hearted and dispirited, he resigned his position, and, with his resignation, the college adventure came to an end. I doubt if ever he recovered fully from the stunning blow.

We hear of him afterward as pastor for a brief period at Cincinnati, then as chaplain in the Union army, and finally of his death at Newburyport, Mass. Dr. John P. Cleaveland was no ordinary man. He first came into prominence in connection with the meeting of the General Assembly in 1837, when our church was divided into the so-called Old and New School parties. When the Moderator of the same refused to recognize the commissioners sent up by the excised Presbyteries, or even to put any motion looking to their recognition, Dr. Cleaveland, then a member of the

* The first meeting of the Synod of Michigan was held at Ann Arbor, Sept. 25, 1834. At its second meeting, held at Adrian, Oct. 1, 1835, the following minute was adopted:

Resolved—That more systematic arrangements ought to be immediately made in this Territory to secure the advantage of a thorough literary and evangelical education. Taken up and discussed, and Messrs. Beach, Ellis and Hallock were appointed a committee on nomination to report a suitable Committee on Education, or Board of Trustees, whose duty it shall be to consult on the best location for a college for this Territory; to use all proper means for securing the necessary funds for the commencement of the Institution, and in case they find it practicable, and in their judgment important, to determine said location and proceed as Providence shall direct in the organization of the Institution, with instructions to report at the next meeting of Synod.

In the minutes of the fourth meeting, held at Detroit, Oct. 23, 1837, we read: "The College Committee presented the following report, which was accepted and adopted, viz.: 'That they have endeavored to push forward the enterprise as far and fast and possible; that a preparatory school is in operation at Marshall; that a president has been appointed and accepted the office, and that they have secured funds to the amount of several thousand dollars, and that they are now striving to devise further means to accomplish the object of their appointment. They further report that they are anxious to have all their movements fully understood and approved by the Synod, and to that end are ready to answer any inquiries which Synod may be inclined to propose.'"

Detroit Presbytery, made the motion that put Dr. N. S. S. Beman in the chair, and also declared the vote. A permanent organization was then effected with Dr. S. Fisher as moderator and Ebenezer Mason and E. W. Gilbert as Clerks. The Assembly thus constituted adjourned to the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, of which Albert Barnes was pastor. Dr. Cleaveland is described by a witness in McElroy's Report of the Presbyterian Case as "a large man, not very tall and about thirty-five years of age."

My own recollection of Dr. Cleaveland is very distinct, and began when the second edifice that sheltered the First Presbyterian Church was dedicated in 1835, on which occasion, to my childish delight, stringed and wind instruments were first introduced into the choir. His Sunday evening lectures on the subject of temperance gave an impetus to that cause scarcely realized now since the subject has become so hackneyed and threadbare. The whole city was stirred. I remember that very suddenly my father's decanter of cider which heretofore had always had its place on the sideboard and at the dinner table, suddenly disappeared, and I had to resort to straw tubes to get my supply. I think I may say that, next to Henry Ward Beecher, he was the most eloquent preacher to whom I ever listened. Between the two, indeed, there was much similarity, especially in silvery speech and play of the countenance. His whole soul seemed to shine in his face when he spoke. He was a great favorite at the May anniversaries in New York City, and whenever it was announced that he was to lecture before the Young Men's Society, at that time the most noted organization of its kind in the Northwest, the house was sure to be crowded. Pulpit eloquence has ever fascinated me, and he was the idol of my boyhood. Not even the fact that once in the middle of a discourse he stopped, and fastening those piercing but gracious eyes, rebuked me, the "small boy" who was making a rumpus in the gallery—I see that radiant face as 'twere but yesterday—not even the remembrance of that public castigation will ever lessen my attachment or weaken my regard.

You will pardon this digression—if digression it be—but I deem it a privilege to link this man's name, whose enthusiasm in Christian education at so early a date in the history of our State calls forth our admiration, with those who at this later period are

building, if not literally on his foundation, yet under the inspiration of his noble life.

Meanwhile the University of Michigan had started upon its course under the most favorable auspices. The Presbyterians of Michigan, thus suddenly bereft of an institution of their own planting, gave to it their hearty and loyal support. What especially reconciled them to this step was the fact that, by a tacit understanding, the members of the Faculty were drawn from the four leading denominations of the State, viz.: Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian and Baptist, each denomination taking pains to secure as member of the Board of Regents the best representative of its sect. As no provision was as yet made for the filling of the Chancellorship, the presiding officer was annually chosen by the Faculty. This arrangement, while it lasted, seemed to meet the desire of the religious public, although there was not wanting indications of dissatisfaction that sometimes embarrassed the action of the Regents. Still I think that Dr. Nehemiah Boynton puts it a little too strongly in his recent address before the Congregational Home Missionary Association when he remarks "that the denominations were jealous."

Certainly Presbyterians are not open to that charge, for abandoning as we have seen their own scheme, organized even before the University was put in motion, they let its charter die out, and have ever since given to the University their most hearty and loving countenance and support, irrespective of the denominational bias of the members of its Faculty. In no quarter has the University found more steadfast and devoted friends.

I make special note of the late Dr. George Duffield, for many years a Regent, and scarcely second to any man in effort to promote its interest.

But in the nature of the case this parcelling out of the professorial loaves and fishes could not long continue. It was in direct conflict with the principle upon which secular and State education was based, and sooner or later must give way, and the first gun against it was fired by the late Rev. T. B. Forbush, Unitarian minister, in 1883, who declared in a sermon, and I cannot but think with truth: "The State has no more right to mould University influences in favor of Evangelical Christianity than it has to mould them in favor of orthodox Judaism or in favor of Materialism. The University would make itself contemptible if

it tried to pass the white light of truth through Evangelical colored glass." And after complaining because the Young Men's Christian Association had been allowed to open a reading room in the University buildings and hold its meetings under the University roof, and that notices of their meetings were appended to the University bulletin boards as well as given from the University platform, he asks: "Do you suppose President Angell would grant the use of the University Hall for a Unitarian meeting?"

But, as already remarked, the results for the time being were beneficent. Almost every professor was a minister not only of positive religious character, but of the highest intellectual stamp as well. The College halls were open for all religious gatherings, and both public and private efforts to convert students to Christ were encouraged. As a result, revivals of religion were not of infrequent occurrence.

Gradually, however, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, the denominations began to organize institutions on their own lines. Hillsdale, Adrian, Albion and Olivet Colleges came into existence. Episcopalians, always loyal, and Presbyterians, remained quiescent until ten years since, when Alma College was formed by the latter.

What justification can be found for the Synod of Michigan in taking such decisive action at so late a day, and after an apparent acquiescence in the state of things as above described for full fifty years? I will not attempt to answer this important question, but leave you to form your own judgment from facts as I proceed to state them—only bearing in mind that I am telling the story from my own point of observation, making nobody else responsible for my utterances; bearing in mind, also, in making up that judgment, the additional force of statements already published by those who possibly were better acquainted with the genesis of things than myself. The idea of a Christian college under the supervision of the Synod of Michigan, though slumbering during this half century, was not dead, as is evident from the sympathy shown by Presbyterians with Olivet College, backed by substantial financial aid. Her agents were admitted to our pulpits, and many a fat check came from Presbyterian purses which in justice should have gone to the assistance of the Michigan Female Seminary at Kalamazoo, then in a languishing condition by reason of the shameful neglect by Synod of an institution of

its own planting. It was becoming plain that many were querying whether the small college had not in some respects an advantage over the large one.

By and by there were whisperings in certain quarters of a growing deficiency in the number of candidates for the Presbyterian ministry. Existing agencies did not seem to meet the need. Some of them, indeed, worked to our disadvantage, drawing away from our own churches candidates upon whom we were relying to fill our own vacancies.

This growing feeling of dissatisfaction was not confined to our own State. It was national. The General Assembly took it up, and under the leadership of Dr. Herrick Johnson, whose eloquent appeal aroused our whole church to a point of enthusiasm almost unparalleled in our denominational history, the Board of Aid for Colleges sprang into existence, administered so faithfully by the lamented Ganse.

Under the stimulus, doubtless, engendered by this educational awakening, a minute was introduced into Synod to appoint a committee to see if the charter of our Kalamazoo Seminary might not be so broadened as to embrace in its provisions the machinery of a regularly constituted college after the pattern of those contemplated by the Board of Aid for Colleges.

I was not present at that meeting of Synod, and only became acquainted with the existence and purpose of such a committee when I listened to the report made through its chairman, Rev. A. F. Bruske, during session of Synod held in Westminster Presbyterian Church, Detroit, 1885.

The report was adverse. The committee had carefully looked over the ground, and found to their regret that the charter of Kalamazoo Seminary forbade such expansion. Dr. Bruske then introduced a motion to appoint a committee to consider the expediency of forming a college, and enforced his appeal in a speech which, you must allow me to say even in his presence, was, under the circumstances and for its purpose, one of the most forcible, convincing and eloquent speeches to which I have ever listened. It was permeated by a pathos that could only have been engendered in a soul who knew from an early and somewhat bitter experience what it is to thirst for knowledge without adequate means to slake its torture. From his own lips Synod has since heard the touching story.

But lest this should puff up our brother beyond measure, I at once proceed to puncture his self conceit, if any exists, by remarking that the speech that stirred my own soul so profoundly did not operate so powerfully upon others, for it called forth an opposition so decided, if not bitter, that the unfortunate motion, together with its mover, seemed about to be buried under an avalanche of disapprobation. For the first time in my life, and, I may add, so far the last, I ventured to occupy ten minutes of the Synod's time in an indignant remonstrance against a purpose which, if carried into act, would have been ungenerous, ill-timed and arbitrary.

If my speech was not as eloquent or pathetic as that of my brother, it was a mighty relief to me thus to unburden my soul. I probably felt something akin to the satisfaction that John Quincy Adams felt when he battled on the floor of Congress for the right of petition. The motive must at that time have been a desire to partake of something of his immortality as a defender of liberty, an outburst made for the sake of posthumous fame, for certainly I had no expectation of an established college as the outcome of this discussion. But we obtained the end sought, viz: the appointment of a committee, and that was secured more by the support given us by J. Ambrose Wight than by anything else, so highly was he honored by the Synod, and so weighty was his influence, and so logical and so wise was his speech. The committee so appointed consisted of Wm. A. McCorkle, J. Ambrose Wight, D. M. Cooper, Theodore Marsh, W. O. Hughart, H. P. Christy, L. H. Trask, George S. Frost, and Reuben Kimball. Their instructions were to consider the expediency of establishing a college and to learn what funds could be secured towards the establishment of such an institution, said committee to report at the next meeting of Synod. That committee met the following February in my study, 501 Jefferson avenue, Detroit. All that was done at the meeting was to talk over the whole matter in a free conversational manner, looking to God for direction and light. Now I do not know what thoughts were passing through the minds of the other members of the committee, or what anticipations they were indulging in, but as for myself, I solemnly assure you that when we adjourned I had no more thought that out of this conference would spring a college than I had of taking a trip to Mars for scientific discovery.

We had gained the right some thought to deprive us of, viz: to deliberate, discuss and report, and to me it seemed final.

An endowed college! Desirable as on many accounts it seemed, where were the men to open their purses? And how could further effective action be taken in the face of such undisguised opposition? Indeed, the magnitude of the opposition, open and latent, and the absolute nothingness of our resources, not only seemed to render all effort abortive, but even to quench in my own soul the struggling desire. How came it to pass that in a single year, when Synod again assembled at Grand Rapids, the issue was narrowed down to this—Will the Synod of Michigan accept from the hands of its donors \$100,000 in cash, site and buildings completed and ready for occupancy, with more in prospect, or will they reject this noble gift? There was no chance for argument, as a few who came up prepared to squelch the enterprise speedily found out. It was a simple “will you? or won’t you?” and the decision must be quick. It came after a day of prayerful deliberation, and a powerful address from Dr. Herrick Johnson, indicating by these five points the kind of college the Presbyterian Church regards it important she should found and foster:

1. A college whose aim is the education of the whole man.
2. A college pervaded by a positive Christian atmosphere.
3. A college with the Bible as a text-book.
4. A college whose different departments of church work are all in harmony with the Christian faith.
5. A college that in influencing decisions for life work sets currents toward the ministry rather than away from the ministry.

The decision came by a rising vote with only two dissentients, in the shape of a resolve, “That in view of all the facts brought before us, we will, with God’s help, establish and endow a college within our bounds.” No wonder that this remarkable development, a college leaping into existence, fully one-half equipped at a single bound, excited the astonishment of the venerable Mark Hopkins of Williams College, who wrote asking for an explanation.

Whence came it all to pass? I cannot enter here into details concerning the men and means that constitute the human agency. The thrilling story you will find in *The History of the College*, lately written by your honored President. I only want to emphasize the fact, as I said at the beginning, that this Institution was born of God, and was not the contrivance of man. Who planned it? Where did the conclave meet who mapped out the unexpected developments of that year? Who created interest in certain quarters where interest in such a movement would be least expected? Who started out with a subscription book and sought pledges great or small? Who arranged matters in such a way that the presentation of the case came in such a shape before Synod that it was not a call to consider any longer an expediency, but an imperative command from Heaven to go forward which could not be disobeyed without shameful cowardice, a wilful blindness to God's providential guidance and a criminal distrust of His promises.

Verily, so far as I can see, all that *we* did was to desire, to hope and to pray, even in our prayers full of doubt and misgivings as to the wisdom of our project. God did the rest. And this is my story, from my angle of observation, of the making of Alma College.

I now pass to the consideration of my theme, viz: "A Plea for the Smaller College," and I will endeavor to embody in this theme the aims and motives of those men whom God chose to employ as instruments in carrying out his design.

But first of all, what are we to understand by the small college? Certainly not any restriction in growth. It can and ought to avail itself of any means of expansion that comes within its reach. What if Harvard College had continued as infantile as the two Frieslanders found it when they made their tour of the American Colonies in 1680, with scarcely a score of students in attendance; or what if Princeton had not advanced beyond its President, one professor and two tutors, as was the condition when Dr. Hodge entered it in 1812? And for fifty years it really did not advance much beyond that. It is not demanded that the small college shall give up its chances of development as the centuries roll on. Otherwise, where are we to look for our great Universities that occupy an essential and important place in the scheme of education? To be sure Mark Hopkins opposed the idea

of making Williams College a University, but it was not because he disbelieved in Universities, but that the situation of Williams did not call for such an institution, and but few such were needed in comparison with the many colleges which the country demanded. Nor need the Faculty of a small college be a conglomerate of inferior and incompetent teachers, either. Men, competent men, are indispensable whether the college be great or small.

Chancellor Tappan caught the idea, when on his inauguration he abolished the dormitory or barrack system: "Are buildings required?" said he. "Buildings of course are required. But in our country we have ever begun at the wrong end. We have erected vast dormitories for the night's sleep instead of creating libraries and laboratories for the day's work. We have erected ornamental buildings, and, expending our means and enthusiasm there, we have failed in the men, the books, the specimens, the models. We have had gorgeous shells that seemed like mother of pearl, but there were no pearls within. It were better like Abelard to lead our students into the desert if we could then give them truth and arouse thought."

A small college is one content for a time to be a training school for the larger institutions, especially for students of narrow means, tied to a definite locality, content to do its work with limited equipment and in a circumscribed area, but *not content* without the best qualified teachers it can obtain and afford.

Said Dr. Howard Crosby: "Why, more good was done in the old College of New Jersey nearly a century ago than in some so-called great institutions now, and I don't suppose they had any apparatus at all—perhaps not even a blackboard. That is a reason which I may give for my statement now that the small college may be and is of just as much use as the large one. Let them all exist and help to meet the educational needs of the times. Just as great men have been graduates from what are considered institutions of less note as from the more imposing ones. And as to the government of colleges, I believe in the denominational idea being strictly maintained if the college has been founded as such. I say that without regard to its denominational character. Let it be Presbyterian, or Episcopalian, or Lutheran. My opinion would be that the ecclesiastical machinery should enter so far into its control that it should be able to put its *veto* upon the introduction of a professor or any element which would

not meet its approval. I consider that Yale and Harvard and Columbia are just as denominational as they ever were, and Princeton certainly is. Nine-tenths of Princeton's students are Presbyterians. And as to Columbia, it is strongly and positively Episcopalian. Of course, education is the first object of an educational institution, but it should be strongly impregnated with religion—*i. e.*, its broad, fundamental truths, without regard to sectarianism. And by that religion I do not mean cold forms, but the religion that embodies morality as well."

Not long ago Chauncey Depew, at Dartmouth commencement dinner—the "small college" that gave to our nation Daniel Webster, and to our own state such men as the late James F. Joy, S. M. Cutcheon and Alfred Russell—remarked that he looked with alarm on the growing proportions of the large colleges of the country because of their being so conducted as to encourage the growth of luxury and the love of excitement, which are the bane of energy.

No man ever reached a place of prominence or achieved success in any department of life except under the spur of necessity, and, he added, "The country is now and always will be indebted for the best opinions that govern men, the best powers that benefit the human race, to the high thinking and free living of the country college—for until the age of forty men need restraint and discipline."

Rev. Dr. H. M. MacCracken, Chancellor of the University of New York, wrote just after his visit to our University: "A standard college may be constituted of seven or eight strong professors and a hundred or two students. There ought to be at least 200 such colleges for young men in America with an income of between \$10,000 and \$20,000. The men into whose bank accounts come the great incomes from railways, mining and manufactures, owe it to the regions from which they draw their wealth to build up standard colleges of this pattern. I count that the rich man who lifts up a college to the standard I name, \$10,000, and at least 100 students, does far more good than he who builds a dormitory to bring a hundred more freshmen to any large college. Since our State governments should not attempt more than a single college each, we cannot depend upon them for the 200 standard colleges. It remains that denominations must build them. I wish every denomination to build colleges ;



but if I could I would forbid any college giving the bachelor's degree that did not show at least eight full professorships and courses equal to those prescribed by the New York Regents. The objection to massing so many students comes in part from the belief that a faculty of eight or ten, each one in close contact with every student, educates intellectually better than the larger faculty, who are in comparatively slight contact, and from the conviction that it educates morally far better."

And yet Dr. MacCracken is no foe of the State Institutions. He adds: "My chief interest is in Universities. I believe America should have twenty Universities with at least \$100,000 of yearly endowment, and chiefly in large cities."

President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, evidently feels the full force of this remark and really echoes it when he says, in the May number of the *Cosmopolitan*: "Small classes graded by proficiency are greatly to be preferred to large classes. Elbow instruction, close personal oversight of the student in the library or the lecture room, must be more common than it is; for thus and thus only can that intimate acquaintance be secured which enables the teacher to give the best help."

I could quote many other prominent and distinguished educators to the same effect. I will only add the ringing words of Dr. Parkhurst: "For the practical uses of a liberal education give me a college rather than a University: the latter for the special advantage of the few, but colleges for the liberal education of the many, and small colleges at that. I am told that the small colleges have turned out more men of rank than the large ones. If we could put into the hearts and brains some of the money that has been spent on brick and mortar it would be an evident advantage. The best material for lawyers, physicians and clergymen will be likely to come from country families in ordinary circumstances, and therefore not able to meet the cost of a large, expensive institution. I do not believe in non-religious colleges. I think there should be a strong religious influence stamped upon every college, and that its professors should make up that atmosphere. It takes holiness and integrity both to complete a man."

A glance over the pages of "Our Michigan University Book" for the years 1844-1880, reveals the fact that by far the larger portion of the men who during that period were active as Profes-

sors and Regents, were graduates of "the smaller college." "Trinity," "Bowdoin," "Union," that sent us Chancellor Tappan, "Hamilton," "Williams," "Middlebury," "Dickinson," "Washington," "Kenyon," "Marietta," "Dartmouth," are names of frequent occurrence.

All this cumulative testimony effectually disposes of Andrew D. White's covert sneer at the small college. He tells us that he was sent to a small Protestant Episcopal college in western New York, where were about forty students, a great majority of them sons of wealthy churchmen, who felt no inclination for work, but rather much inclination to dissipation. Of discipline there was none. Its endowment was so small that it became necessary to keep in the good graces of the wealthy fathers of its scapegrace students. And yet he has the brazen effrontery to hold up this exceptional instance (probably without a parallel in the United States) as a sample of the average Christian college. He continues:

"I have had to do since, as student and professor, with some half-dozen large Universities at home and abroad; and, in all of these together I have not seen so much carousing and wild dissipation as I then saw in this little church college, of which the especial boast was that being 'small' it was able to exercise a direct Christian influence upon its students." It was certainly to his credit that, unable to stand such degrading associations, he took to his heels and ran away, much to the grief of his parents, an act of disobedience which, it is only just to put on record, he afterwards atoned for by severe and systematic work.

Contrast with this vile slander what Adoniram Judson once said to a friend as they were passing Madison University: "If I had a thousand dollars do you know what I would do with it?" "Yes," said his companion, "you would give it to Foreign Missions." Said Judson: "I would give it to a Christian college like that. Planting such colleges," said the missionary, "and filling them with religious students, is raising seed-corn for the world."

In order to remove some prevailing prejudices against such an institution as ours, let me remark:

I. A SMALL CHRISTIAN COLLEGE IS NOT OF NECESSITY SECTARIAN.

There is a broad line of demarcation between denominationalism and sectarianism, though multitudes perversely refuse to see it.

The former diligently tills its own field, avails itself of its organization to concentrate effort, is open and frank in its management, recognizes the ecclesiastical liberties of other bodies, and rejoices in their success, cultivates the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and anxiously awaits the fulfillment of our Lord's intercessory prayer. The latter is selfish, partisan, narrow, proselyting, bigoted and manœuvring. And the man who attempts to fasten the stigma of sectarianism upon the Presbyterian Church only falsifies history.

Dr. Crosby once said: "Here and there there are undoubtedly Presbyterian individuals who write the word 'Presbyterian' higher than the word 'Christian,' and who put the orthodoxy of the head above the orthodoxy of the heart. These have no gracious words for any Christian who departs from the Westminster standards. And you hear their growl every time such a one approaches the iron bars of their cage. But it is folly to make the Presbyterian Church responsible for these narrow-minded men. They would be narrow anywhere. It is part of their individual nature to have no sympathy with those who differ with them. They are rather porcupines, shaking or throwing off their sharp quills at everything outside their own little denomination. They are excrescences upon the Presbyterian body. Every denomination has such, and we probably have much fewer than any other."

Mark Hopkins thus indicates his idea of the difference between the place of Christianity in a theological seminary and in a college: "In a college it should be so handled as to bear upon character without sectarianism. This can and ought to be done."

In full sympathy writes President Porter, of Yale College: "An instructed Christian must also be catholic and unsectarian. The Christian college almost of necessity trains its pupils to enlarged and liberal views of things non-essential and to a catholic appreciation of things that are common."

And when, in the great discussion before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York, February 3, 1880, President Eliot stood up for what he called unsectarian colleges, claiming that religion could not be maintained in the colleges of a country in which there is no established church, and boldly asserted that religious colleges "attacked every student with questions and imposed religious opinions upon a susceptible and unfledged mind," Dr. McCosh withstood him face to face, declaring that there is no such thing as this in the great body of American colleges which profess to teach religion along with other branches, citing Princeton College as a fair example:

"In the college to which I belong the money aids, prizes, fellowships, and all honors, are open to all, whether they make a profession of religion or no; whether they be Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic; whether they come from America, Europe or Asia, say Japan, from all of which bodies we have always students. No attempt is made to make a student change his religious denomination, though endeavors may be made by sermons or conversation to allure him to a prayer meeting, or even to a meeting for a revival of religion—of which I have no such horror as my opponent seems to have. The President of Harvard College stands up for what he calls unsectarian colleges. He claims for such that their position is unmistakable. I believe it to be so. It does not mean that they teach religion without sectarianism, which is perfectly possible, I think, but that they teach no religion at all, while possibly, as I know to be the case in some colleges, some of the instructors may be throwing out innuendos which tend to undermine religion in the youthful mind."

In the prefatory note to his pamphlet this venerable teacher says, with a sadness that is pathetic: "I have engaged in this discussion only from a sense of duty. Unless"—a warning it becomes us to heed—"Christian sentiment arrest it, religion, without being noticed, will disappear from a number of our colleges, that is, from the education and training of many of our abler and promising young men."

It would not be amiss to remind President Eliot that it is a fact susceptible of proof, and stated cogently by Rev. W. B. Williams in his pamphlet, "Christian and Secular Education Contrasted," that **"the normal and high schools, the agricultural colleges and State Universities, as well as the**

common schools of New England, started out with all the religious momentum that had been accumulated in the Christian colleges and academies by the usages of two hundred years." The small college has been a sort of storage battery for successive generations of educational institutions. I wonder if President Elliott would have the outspoken boldness of the late Professor Jowett, of Oxford, who was not, you know, deemed wholly orthodox, but yet had no tolerance for affected skepticism. One day he met a student who said, conceitedly, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God." "Mr. —," replied the master, after a shorter pause than usual, "if you don't find a God by five o'clock this afternoon you must leave this college."

Now, our aim is to have this, "Our Alma," just such a college as Dr. McCosh described for liberal instruction for all, yet with a secondary view of training young men and women for ministerial and missionary work with a reasonable hope that out of the number thus disposed will come a sufficient share to fill our vacant pulpits. We do not even drag in here our creeds or catechisms, nor teach the students to read Homer or Shakespeare Presbyterially, which, to put it in the Parkhurst way, would be as sensible as to make them spell or ride horseback Presbyterially. If we did so, I am afraid the boys would find some way to escape the infliction, much after the manner related by Dr. Hodge in his autobiography, when such indoctrination was required in the early days of Princeton.

He tells us the students were required to commit the Shorter Catechism to memory in Latin. The Episcopal students were allowed to study their own catechism. As that is shorter than the Westminster, many Presbyterians passed themselves off, for the time being, as Episcopalians. But old Dr. Ashbel Green was equal to the occasion, and so he required all who took the Episcopal catechism to stand an examination on the thirty-nine articles.

As to any narrow sectarian prejudices in connection with this institution, it may be well for us to remember that our location on this site, and the means of availing ourselves of the generous offer of Mr. A. W. Wright of grounds with two handsome buildings, valued at \$40,000, and the subsequent gift of twenty five acres of ground from the citizens of Alma, came about through

the agency of the late Theodore Nelson, who, as Dr. Bruske says in his history of Alma College, "was loaned us by the Baptist Church," and served in the department of English literature from 1887 to 1889, when he retired because of ill-health. He was succeeded by Rev. Kendall Brooks, D. D., who also came from the Baptist Church, ripe in years and experience, rich in scholarship and Christian manhood, who still abides with us, and we hope will continue to abide with us as long as he feels himself able and willing to perform his professorial duties. I remember that during my pastorate at Albion the late Professor Stearns, who shortly before his death received a call to succeed Professor Shedd in our Union Theological Seminary, filled a chair in the Methodist Albion College, and was highly esteemed and beloved, as indeed he must have been by everyone who ever came in contact with him. Our Kalamazoo Seminary is largely indebted to a legacy bequeathed by an Episcopalian, as in its turn the Episcopalian Institute at Grand Haven owes its site and building to a generous Presbyterian, all going to show that denominationalism is not necessarily sectarian, and that an instructed Christianity must lead not to narrowness of view, but to a catholic appreciation of things common. Under the enlightened judgment which a liberal training fosters, an uncharitable spirit is impossible.

The distinction between the liberal education which the small college provides for the many, and the professional education which the university provides for the few, is sharply drawn by Mark Hopkins. Of the one, the object is breadth, comprehensiveness, symmetry; of the other, concentration. Of the one, the object is to know something of everything; of the other, to know everything of something. Of the one, the object is to make of the young man more of a man; of the other, to make him more of a minister, a lawyer, a doctor, an engineer, or, as another Mark—Mark Pattison, of Oxford—puts it, "School at life's commencement teaches the elements of knowledge; an academy of science extends the bounds of knowledge. * * Education is weak in proportion as it detaches the matters taught from religious training."

2. A SMALL COLLEGE IS NOT NECESSARILY NARROW IN AIM OR DEFICIENT IN SCHOLARSHIP.

We do not here in Alma College intend to repeat the error of Pietism in the eighteenth century and sacrifice culture to religion. But still we may not forget that the time came when the old Orthodoxy, threatened with extinction by Rationalism, stretched out an appealing hand to Pietism to save it from destruction, and Pietism tenderly took up frightened Orthodoxy and carried it in her bosom.

If, with Principal Shairp, we define religion to be the impulse in man to seek God, and culture to be the impulse in man to seek his own highest perfection, then plainly both come from the same divine source. As God sees, there can be no opposition between them, but rather harmony; and so it will be our aim to transmute culture, as an intellectual attainment, into a spiritual grace. Nor even shall we allow the loud cry made nowadays to make college education *practical* crowd out culture, as did the old farmer in the case of Daniel Webster. "Well, Daniel," said he, "you've got through college and have got college larnin', and now what are you going to do with it?"

Daniel told him he had not decided on a profession.

"Well," said the farmer, "you are a good boy; your father was a kind man to me. I should like to do a good turn for him and his. You've got through college, and people that go through college either become ministers, or doctors, or lawyers. As for bein' a minister, I would never think of doin' that; they never get paid anything. Doctorin' is a miserable profession; they live upon other people's ailin's, are up nights and have no peace; and as for bein' a lawyer, I would never propose that to anybody. Now," said he, "Daniel, I'll tell you what. You are a boy of parts; you understand this book larnin' and you are bright. I knew a man who had college larnin' down in Rye, where I lived when I was a boy. That man was a conjuror; he could tell by consultin' his books and study, if a man had lost his cow, where she was. That was a great thing; and if people lost anything they would think nothin' of payin' three or four dollars to a man like that so as to find their property. There is not a conjuror within a hundred miles of this place, and you are a

bright boy and have got this college larnin'. The best thing you can do, Daniel, is to study that and be a CONJUROR!"

A well-known shipbuilder saw the point when he said to Dr. McCosh: "Do not try to teach my art in school. See that you make the youth intelligent and then I will easily teach him ship-building." As President Hopkins has already told us, the small college in distinction from the subsequent professional education of the university, is to so discipline the mind by concentration as to render it a machine to accomplish anything.

A writer on "Great Business Occupations," in the last *Cosmopolitan*, remarks: "Horace Greeley once said that of all horned cattle a college graduate was the worst." But time has shown that Horace Greeley was mistaken, or that the college graduate has been able to adapt himself to the requirements of a great journal. He is now a welcome acquisition and makes himself felt. A majority, perhaps, of the editorial writers, correspondents, and even reporters, on the daily and weekly press are not only college-bred, but the most useful and versatile of the corps.

But if—but if—as has been the case, alas! in the past—but if, through man's perversity, who does not always see as God sees, culture and religion move on separate lines and come into collision, then, if compelled to choose, culture must subordinate itself to religion; because, as Prof. Shairp puts it, "to religion belongs of right the sovereign place, and this BECAUSE it is a more direct emanation from the divine source; it finds its response in the deeper places of our being; it is the earlier manifestation in the history of the race; the earlier in the life of the individual, and it will be the last." Better this, I say, even at the risk of pietistic narrowness. Better is it than a liberalism that makes man, and not God, the center, for there is "no more forlorn sight than that of a man highly gifted, elaborately cultivated, with all the other capacities of his nature strong and active, but those of faith and reverence dormant. And this, be it said, is the pattern of man in which culture, made the chief good, would most likely issue." Was it because he painfully realized this that Principal Tulloch has the temerity to call Goethe an "old intellectual sensualist?" But without misgivings Alma College will intertwine into her gavel, wielded by President Bruske, as the General Assembly did into hers through the splendid genius of Benjamin Harrison, not only

the *oak*, that stands for the Calvinistic ribs of the church ; not only the *poplar*, which, stately and magnificent, stands for the symmetrical and orderly Presbyterian government, which has become a model for civil government the world over ; not only the *maple*, for its sweetness, and the *beech*, representing the sheltering, folding love of the church for the lambs of God, but also the WALNUT, which no one ever paints or wants to hide, symbolizing, by its beautiful lines, its fine shades of color and polish, the love of education and culture characteristic of our church.

And why should not culture and broadness of aim, I ask you, characterize a small college as well as a large one, taking as our standard of smallness Dr. MacCracken's eight professors and a hundred or two of students? Our beloved University did not reach even this low number during the four years I passed within its walls, beholding the graduation of its first class. It numbered just seven professors and fifty-six students. At that time the University was nothing more nor less than an old-fashioned New England college, with its early prayers before daybreak, its recitation before breakfast, and its religious service again in the afternoon, and its compulsory attendance at Sabbath service, with a tutor to annoy; and for athletics, a woodpile in the yard and a transference of the same, sawed and split, to the fourth story of a dormitory, by a hod upon the shoulder. But what a faculty! Never surpassed in the history of the University except in numbers. There were J. Holmes Agnew, the accomplished Greek scholar, once editor of the old Knickerbocker magazine, and associate editor of "Winer's Greek idioms of the New Testament;" Daniel D. Whedon, for many years editor of the "Methodist Quarterly," and author of many Scripture commentaries; Louis Fasquelle, graduate of the new University of Paris, the courteous gentleman and author of French text-books, still in use; Andrew Ten Brook, author and translator of standard historical works; Alvah Bradish, lecturer on art, still living, whose works adorn our Capitol and other public buildings, Abram Sager, of sweet memory; Silas H. Douglas, who laid broad and deep the foundation of the medical department; Asa Gray, of world-wide fame as a naturalist; Joseph Whiting, whose monument stands in the Campus; the scholarly Thompson, subsequently the silver-voiced Methodist bishop; and, finally, George P. Williams, for nearly half a century the idol of generations of students.

Meeting him one day in the cars, shortly before his death, I was lamenting the fact that we earlier comers were destitute of the many facilities afforded to the students of the present day. He astonished me by declaring that the students of that earlier day were fully equal in scholarship and ability to those of later graduation, and, as I afterwards glanced over the roll, I became convinced he was not far astray. Those fifty-six students have nearly all made their mark in the business world, in legislative halls, and the church. To name a few as samples, confining my list to the first four years of the University's life: Judson D. Collins, whose monument you will find in the Campus of Albion College, the first missionary sent out by the Methodist Episcopal Church to China. At first the official board refused him from lack of funds. But he sent back word that he would go if he had to work his way before the mast, and go he did, but only to return shortly to die. Nathaniel West, converted in college, and now one of the ripest scholars in the American Presbyterian Church; Adonijah S. Welch, for a while at the head of our State Normal School, and later on Senator of the United States from Florida; L. R. Fisk, just retiring with distinguished honor from the twenty years' Presidency of Albion College; Hon. W. A. Moore, one of the oldest and most respected members of the Bar of the City of Detroit, Sidney D. Miller (friend and classmate), and the late John S. Newberry (my old chum), by whose liberality, administered through his wife, the Young Men's Christian Association at Ann Arbor is in possession of its beautiful building; Thomas W. Palmer, once Senator, Minister to Spain, and later President of the World's Fair; Edmund Andrews, at the head of the surgical profession in Chicago, and a world-wide authority in science to-day; Wyllys C. Ransom, son of the late Epaphroditus Ransom, ex-governor of Michigan, who has filled many responsible positions in army and state, J. Logan Chipman, and Gen. Joseph Rowe Smith, with civil and military honors and titles, too many to enumerate. And all these the products of what I have chosen to call an old fashioned New England college, established at Ann Arbor in 1844 with an equipment scarcely superior to that which Alma has to-day, the library alone excepted.

And how came all these splendid results to pass? Let me tell you in one word, and it illustrates one of the advantages of the smaller college, upon which I expected, when I commenced

this address, to have devoted full half my time, but must now entirely relinquish, lest I exhaust your patience. It came from direct personal contact of teacher and pupil. Three times each day for four solid years, and sometimes on Sunday, we were in actual touch with these brilliant Christian scholars—for such they were—who live in our hearts and memories to-day, and whom we love with an undying affection. “If Socrates had been president of a University,” pithily remarks Parkhurst, “Plato never would have been Plato.” There is the argument in a nutshell.

Prof. Tholuck’s Christian influence and scholarship is perpetuated in Princeton University to-day as the result of those long weeks of confidential conversation which Dr. Hodge had with him when studying at Berlin—Tholuck, who in the first decades in this century fought down and annihilated the old rationalism of Germany and made evangelical religion a respected power in the land—Tholuck, whose constant habit it was even at the busiest period of his life to invite the students to his home, visit them in their lodgings: gather them in his room two evenings a week for prayer and study of the Sunday School lesson, and to spend regularly four hours a day walking with students, besides having one or more at dinner with him, and another at supper. Does not Alma College largely owe its existence to the personal influence of Mark Hopkins perpetuated through J. Ambrose Wight? “The function of a teacher,” remarks the author of *Imago Christi*, “is a more limited one than that of the preacher. The preacher addresses the multitude: the teacher concentrates his attention on a select few. The audiences to whom Jesus preached numbered thousands. The number to whom he acted as teacher numbered only twelve. Yet perhaps in its results his work in the latter capacity was quite equal in value to his whole work as a preacher. He saved most of his time for the training of twelve men. But he studied every one of them till he knew them through and through.”

O ye professors and teachers in Alma College, this character building by personal contact, this “elbow instruction,” as President Gilman terms it, is what the Founders had more than anything else in view when it was organized—what the Synod of Michigan expects of you to-day, what the fathers and mothers of our boys and girls demand at your hands with prayer-

ful entreaty. "We know," says President Porter, "that if the teacher's own character is elevated and refined by Christian earnestness, a single word or sentiment will go further to confirm the halting faith or to rekindle the smouldering fervor than a sermon from any preacher or a homily from any exhorter: or, unhappily, a contemptuous word or sarcastic utterance may rend the feeble fabric of a failing soul and poison the heart with distrust or scorn of what is noble and good. The teacher who is worthy of the name can reach the inner life of his pupil by what he says and does as no other person can. He can strengthen and renew the springs of that life sometimes, by a look or word, just as it takes that second adjustment which shall be final."

Just let me call your earnest attention to glowing words of the same tenor, uttered by Mark Pattison, of Oxford: "Our function here (at Oxford) is not only to teach, but to learn; and we can only learn successfully to teach while we are learning: and this learning, for us the teachers, does not consist in reading new books, in making fresh experiments, in mastering novel fields of facts, but in nourishing the intellect by the old springs of wisdom, by the contemplation of the eternal truths of religion, by prayer and spiritual exercise, maintaining the thought at an habitual level above earthly things. Unless our teaching is seconded by the interior discipline of our own life, it will be but sounding words. Only so far as we ourselves are treading this heavenward path, are reserving some portion of the day for severe study, for self-communing, for the presence of God, for bracing and healthy mental discipline, for withdrawal from the trivial topics of the street and the market, only so far can we hope that our teaching will penetrate to the inner mind of our pupils or kindle in them congenial aspirations. A Christian life is the true philosophy, and it can be communicated from teacher to disciple in only one way—by the contagion of example."

In presenting this subject I have sheltered my ideas under the cover of great names. A truly great name carries mighty weight. Let me give you an illustration: During my first visit to San Francisco, just at the close of the war, it was announced that President Mark Hopkins would preach Sabbath morning at the First Presbyterian Church. As you may imagine, the house was crowded. For a moment, just before beginning his discourse, he

stood and viewed the assemblage, and then said substantially this, in a voice tremulous with emotion: "My friends, here and now on this the first opportunity given me, I want to thank you, in the name of the East, for your loyalty to the Union during our late struggle to preserve our nationality."

You can imagine, and yet only feebly, the effect of that simple utterance on those who listened. Every bosom heaved, and the tear glistened in many an eye. From an ordinary man the remark would have seemed common-place, and have fallen lifeless. But it was Mark Hopkins who said that—Mark Hopkins, who for sixty-two years was connected with Williams College, of whom it was true that of the 2,229 students all but thirty-one had been under his personal instruction. No wonder that at one time our University turned toward him a covetous eye and invited him to accept its presidency.

The authors I have quoted in support of the Founders' views are among the noblest and greatest of our educators, whose fame extends beyond the boundaries of our own country, and if they do not convince, my own words are but as empty chaff, and great names have lost their virtue.

In that address of Dr. Herrick Johnson, which so thrilled the General Assembly of 1881, and awakened an interest in the cause of education that continues to this hour, he said: "In seventeen years from to-day, or when the boy that is born to-day is ready for college, there will be 30,000,000 of people west of the Mississippi, which equals what the population of the whole country was in 1860, when the war broke out."

It seems incredible—so swiftly does time fly—that while I write the seventeen years are closing and probably the 30,000,000 are here, and your "seventeen" year old boy has just entered his college; and yet to supply the need of the whole people, East, West, North and South, there are only three or four hundred colleges and universities, all told; while in the whole German Empire, whose area three or four of our great States would blanket, there are probably twice this number—which is the only answer to the constant assertion that "we have too many colleges already," unless I add the astounding sample fact that when Illinois had a population of 300,000, she sent only thirty-nine of her sons to Yale, twenty to Harvard, twenty-one to Amherst,

seventeen to Cornell, twenty to Williams, ten to Princeton, and to Hamilton three.

If it be acknowledged that the small college is not necessarily sectarian nor deficient in scholarship, then it seems to me that all lingering suspicion and lukewarmness and captious objection to the existence and perpetuity of Alma College should pass away forever from every candid mind, especially as she gathers her constituency from her own surroundings without interfering with the comfort or prosperity of her neighbors. As our beloved Geo. F. Hunting, the first president of our College—to whom the Founders send greeting to-day—said in his inaugural address, 1888, “The dream of longing hearts in which this institution had its birth, grows into a glorious reality. The generous doing of a few grand men has placed us where we are to-day. What may we hope for from the like generous doing of the many? Men have drawn vast wealth from the forests yonder. The Pine, the Chippewa and the Tittabawassee have sent through the Saginaw one ceaseless stream of riches for these thirty years and more. To this the Rifle and the Augrés have added their annual product; and in the later years the converging railroads have brought from all the north untold millions to this same gathering place, and some of those whose purses have grown fat have given back as the ‘Lord hath prospered them.’”

One thing, however, must be said before concluding: Alma bears only good will towards the other institutions recommended and endorsed by our Synod, as well as towards our glorious University. Why should we not? The name Tappan sounds sweet to Presbyterian ears. I remember him well as I saw him, when upon his first coming to the City of Detroit he stopped over a Sabbath to preach for Dr. George Duffield, then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. What a magnificent physique as he walked up the center aisle, and how superbly he always bore his Bentonian egotism, which only rendered him the more attractive. At his magic touch came the Detroit Observatory, and the little New England college of 1844-8, with its fifty-six students, suddenly became the full-fledged University of 1852, with its 1,200 students, and at its head a man of whom Prof. Frieze wrote in his Memorial Discourse, alluding to those masterly but brief addresses, with which he was accustomed to close the exercises of commencement, “and so were the rich endowments,

which nature had lavished upon this man, his commanding form and presence, his mind at once logical and imaginative, his spirit at once bold and gentle, perfected and crowned by this gift of lofty eloquence. And the University was always proud to be represented by such a head, whether at home or abroad."

We were sometimes sorry that he did not fraternize more with the Synod, of which he was a member, but I always honored the motive, viz: to avoid the appearance of giving any denominational coloring to his official position.

And how we felt when he was so suddenly and almost ignominiously dismissed from his high office without the assignment of a reason, through the malignant partisanship of his enemies, and largely because he boldly proclaimed his loyalty to the union in such glowing utterances as these. Addressing the students, who idolized him, he said: "In times of peace our principles, our politics, our fanaticisms may jostle each other, but in this time of war—standing as we do upon the fiery edge of battle—we stand shoulder to shoulder for the Republic. We ask not now what is your nationality, what is your creed, what is your party. We ask only what is your banner—are you for the Stars and stripes? * * * Let us carry our banner victoriously from the upper lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This is the work in hand—a work large enough to occupy all our powers, a work majestic and catholic enough to sink all our political differences, a work whose imperious necessities must melt us into an heroic people sworn to conquer or to die." As I write I find my words corroborated by a contributor in the recent issue of the *Michigan Alumnus*. Speaking of "Our University during the war," he says:

"Professors Boise and Frieze, and Andrew D. White, openly taught patriotism in their classes. Then President Tappan usually found apt illustrations in his Bible readings at chapel. His morning talks overflowed with love of country, and as the names of students who had died in the army were known, he always pronounced a eulogy upon them. No wonder that under such instructions eight hundred students and alumni of Michigan University went to the field during the war, of whom nearly one hundred never returned." The blow came to pass during the progress of the war, and stunned us as did the first Bull Run defeat. To be sure, in after years the Regents rescinded their unholy

action, and invited him to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of our University, but too late. In Berlin he died, it almost seems to me, of a broken heart. As an expression of our appreciation of him, his character and work, and also of our sympathy with the Presbyterian Institute that bears his honored name, allow me to present you, in the name of the Founders, his portrait, with which I desire you to adorn your Library Hall. It is, as you see, a grand Gladstonian face, and it will be long ere you look upon its like again.

To our sister at Kalamazoo we send to-day good wishes and cordial greetings, and if it seemed to them at first as though we were unnecessarily and ungenerously trenching on their domain, I trust that a candid examination of the reason of our being as unfolded in this address will lead them to see that we would have been recreant to our heavenly calling if we had not boldly gone forth at the bidding of our Lord.

If, my friends, it be the case, as I have assumed, that this College was indeed born of God and was not the contrivance of man, then it hardly becomes any of us to speak of ourselves as founders or to allow anybody else to speak of us as such. Let us simply regard ourselves as God's providential agents in the establishment of an Institution fraught with good to succeeding generations. This relieves me at once from selecting from the number of its benefactors one or two or any half-dozen of individuals for special eulogy.

Whatever meed of praise may be due to the dead or the living has already been paid in language more felicitous than any I can use by Rev. Dr. Bruske on pages 19, 20 of his "History of Alma College." Those pages I will not read because of lack of time, but I wish them considered at this point as part and parcel of this address. Only two names are omitted from the pages named which I am sure none will consider it invidious to mention. The one is Theodore D. Marsh, to whom we are indebted more than to any other one man for the idea of a College for the northern portion of this State. His many years of effective labor as Synodical Missionary, traversing the same territory his honored father had done a generation before him, made him acquainted with its needs and the scarcity of ministers to fill its waste places. In frequent communings with his brother, Augustus



Marsh, also for years a missionary on the same field, the flame was kindled from which your honored President lighted his torch.

The other is W. O. Hughart, elder in the First Presbyterian Church at Grand Rapids, and for so many years prominent in the railroad circles of his State. Of the nine committeemen who met in my study, no voice was more potent than his, scarce excepting that of J. Ambrose Wight. He was indeed a tower of strength to us when the final step was taken at Grand Rapids that issued in our birth.

Though his honored name has always stood, and still stands, upon the Board of Trustees, he has never met with us since—not from lack of sympathy, however, but because of multiplied engagements, and also for another and better reason, viz.: because he was so long President of the Board of Trustees of Kalamazoo Seminary; and to that institution we were only too willing that he should give his undivided strength. What he has accomplished there, aided by Mr. William Widdicomb, also of Grand Rapids, only those know who with them have so earnestly sought the prosperity and upbuilding of that institution, the daughter of the Synod of Michigan, and entitled, by reason of its priority, to special recognition and sympathy. She needs, as Dr. Hunting expresses it, “better mothering.”

Will you allow a personal reminiscence before I sit down? Near the close of a beautiful spring day in March, 1851, I, then a young licentiate of the Detroit Presbytery, stood on the east side of the Saginaw River gazing at a little village nestling in the woods directly opposite. I could not have been very far from the spot where once stood De Tocqueville, the celebrated French statesman and author, when, at the end of his search for a primitive wilderness, he found it here in the wilds of Michigan. Now, as then, except for the little beginning of municipal life discernible in the distance, it was nothing but an unbroken forest.

Saginaw City, as the hamlet of four hundred inhabitants ambitiously styled itself, was on the extreme edge of civilization. Only at Mackinaw was there a settlement beyond of any account, and between the two places in winter time the mail was conveyed by Indians on dog-train sledges.

Weary with my ride in a lumber wagon without springs, over corduroy roads and through deep swails, I was glad enough

to reach my journey's end. Conveyed across the stream by means of a rope ferry, I received a cordial welcome in the homes of the pioneers. Little did I think at the moment that here I was to spend eight pleasant years of my life in laying church foundations and forming ties of friendship that abide as strongly as ever this very hour, for not even death severs the communion of saints.

Into my hands the dear old patriarch, Hiram L. Miller, who only recently entered into his rest at the age of ninety-four, committed the little flock which originally was of his own gathering. For once, in exploration, we were ahead of the itinerant Methodist, and Presbyterian colors floated over this extreme northern outpost. Compelled at last, through failing strength, to relax my hold, I reluctantly turned my back upon a place that has ever since been as dear to me as my native city, and sometimes I have imagined even more so. Can you wonder, then, that the establishment of Alma College in this Saginaw Valley, the scene of my opening ministry, and endeared by reason of past associations and diligent work for the Master, was hailed by me with exuberant joy? Somehow it has seemed—pardon the egotism—the outgrowth in a measure of my early labors, and so has become a part of my very life.

Whatever of countenance and co-operation and material aid I have thus far given it, has come from a loving, loyal heart, and whatever of support and sympathy I may give it in the future will be as cheerfully bestowed.

APPENDIX.

After the delivery of the preceding address I learned to my great satisfaction and greater surprise that a daughter of Mr. Cleaveland—she who used to be called “Susie”—was still alive and residing in the City of Utica, N. Y. I immediately put myself in communication with her, and at my request, she prepared the sketch of her father’s life, which I subjoin. Through her agency also I procured the engraving of her father, which adorns this pamphlet. At first I hesitated to use it at all. It was disappointing to look upon a face so sad in contrast with the bright, cheery countenance and sparkling eye of his early manhood as it lingers in my boyhood memory.

In answer to my first letter requesting a picture, his daughter, Mrs. Child, wrote: “So soon as I return to my home in Utica I will attend to the matter in request with pleasure. The sunny, genial character of my dear father so illuminated his face, I marvel not that, if you remember him at all, the memory should be an alluring one. I fully agree with you in regard to the engraving as most unsatisfactory in its entire failure to express the sunshine of a nature so rare; though it may be a more accurate exponent of the mental strength which increased with the years. The work is good enough, but there is an expression of the mouth which could never have rested there for a moment, for my father was so genial, so sunny, so charitable, nothing contemptuous ever sullied thought or face—a face exceedingly difficult to portray, for it was full of varying lights, not to be caught by the photographer even, at the time of my father’s life. I cannot say where the ivory miniature painting was executed, but as it was done in Boston, the presumption is that it was not far from the time of my father’s removal to Detroit. Last winter,

or early spring, the pastor and officers of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Cincinnati, wrote to me to obtain some likeness of my father; they were having crayon or water-color paintings of uniform size made of each pastor of that church."

Mrs. Child holds out to us the hope that a life-size crayon picture of Mr. Cleaveland now in her possession may some day find its way to the Founder's Room of Alma College.

SKETCH

of the life and character of

JOHN PAYNE CLEAVELAND, D. D.,

written by his Daughter.

MRS. S. P. CLEAVELAND CHILD,

of Utica, N. Y.

The law of heredity had so striking a demonstration in the personnel, mental and moral characteristics of my father, that an epitome of his ancestry is almost essential to a just apprehension of his life and work. Prefacing that, like most Americans, he had an admixture of nationalities, I would say the Cleavelands, however they spell their name, are of Saxon origin. They were residents of Yorkshire, England, before the Norman Conquest—a landed family, taking their name from the cliffs, or cleves which abound there. Early in the fifteenth century the prefix *de* was dropped. Moses, or Moyses Cleaveland came to this country in 1635. He, with Edward Winn and others, founded the town of Woburn, Mass. I pass the intervening generations to the grandparents of my father, who were of the fourth generation from the emigrant ancestor Moyses, and were brothers, sons of Josiah and Abigail (Paine) Cleaveland, of Canterbury, Conn. Rev. John Cleaveland, third son and fifth child of Josiah and Abigail (Paine) Cleaveland, married Mary Dodge, of Ipswich, Mass., and was settled in the adjoining town of Essex, holding a long pastorate—a man of fine presence and an able polemic divine. He served as chaplain of a regiment of Provincials, under command of Col. Jonathan Bagley, in the battle of Louisburg, A. D. 1759. (I have his diary kept by him at that time.)

Col. Aaron Cleaveland, fifth son and tenth child of Josiah and Abigail (Paine) Cleaveland, was always resident in Canterbury,

Conn. He married Thankful Paine. He served as captain in the French and Indian wars; was a man of wealth, and well known throughout New England in business and political circles. He bore a conspicuous part in the Revolutionary struggle as a gallant soldier and meritorious officer, was present at the time of Governor Tryon's assault upon Horse-Neck, and saw "General Putnam plunge down the steep bluff, the bullets of the baffled dragoons whizzing around him, and even passing through his hat." Colonel Aaron Cleaveland was a man of great wit and humor, with wonderful powers of mimicry. He accompanied his son Moses to Ohio, and with him invested largely in those Western Reserve lands, making their purchases from the Indians. The land on which the City of Cleveland stands was purchased by them and named for them. The wives of these grandfathers of my father were both women of strong individuality, Mrs. Thankful (Paine) Cleaveland maintaining high social position and a most lavish hospitality, and Mrs. Mary (Dodge) Cleaveland possessing a rarely winning, attractive, gracious personality.

My father's father was Parker Cleaveland, M. D., son of Rev. John and Mary (Dodge) Cleaveland. He married for his second wife Abigail Cleaveland, the second daughter and fourth child of Colonel Aaron and Thankful (Paine) Cleaveland. Dr. Parker Cleaveland resided in the parish of Byfield, Mass. He held a position as surgeon of a company or regiment at Cambridge, Mass., in the Revolutionary struggle; also served as a representative of the General Court (as the Massachusetts Legislature was called), but was better known as "the beloved physician," ministering ever to the souls of his patients as skillfully as to their bodies. He was a Puritan in religious thought and life. His mother was a proud, bright, witty woman, a wit she inherited and, in some measure, transmitted to her son. In this home my father, John Payne Cleaveland, spent his earlier years. If the restraints exercised by his father were sometimes irksome to the merry boy, they were accepted with unquestioning loyalty. I have heard him speak of the great trial it was to be called from the games with his companions, as the sun was setting, on Saturday night,

but the years only intensified his reverence for the father. The boyhood was a busy one. When he entered Dummer Academy to prepare for college, he walked two miles each way, and rendered many services at the home, night and morning. There was no drug store within six miles, and he was often given the task of compounding remedies for his father's use. But the buoyancy of heart which was his through life tided him sunnily through these toils. From Dummer Academy he went to Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, where his half-brother, Parker Cleaveland, LL. D., had been for several years professor of chemistry and mineralogy. In college with him were Longfellow, Hawthorne, Pierce (afterward President), and many others whose names are well known. After his graduation he taught an academy in Wolfboro, New Hampshire, pursuing theological studies at the same time with Rev. Thomas Upham (later Prof. Upham, of Bowdoin). His course in theology was completed at the Andover Theological Seminary, in the town of that name in Massachusetts. From Andover he went to Exeter, N. H., taking in the Phillips Academy the professorship of mathematics and natural philosophy. After a year or two in Exeter, he was settled over the Tabernacle Church in Salem, Mass., as the immediate successor of Rev. Elias Cornelius; also with one remove succeeding Rev. Dr. Samuel Worcester, one of the first members of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He was then married to Miss Susan Heard Dole, a lady of unusual personal beauty and attractiveness, and of superior culture, dominated by the most devout, consistent piety, a schoolmate and lifelong friend of Mary Lyon. An attachment very strong to this parish, warmly responded to by the people, was reluctantly severed to accept what was deemed a most imperative call to the church now known as the First Presbyterian of Detroit, Michigan, a position which led to a large acquaintance throughout the State; and the ready sympathies were greatly moved, by the destitution of the home missionaries, inducing my father to make the first appeal to the eastern churches for supplies from their plethoric wardrobes, resulting in a work which has become uni-

versal. After several years my father became interested in an embryo institution called Marshall College, to be located in the town of that name in Calhoun County, with the office of president. A financial crisis and other causes led to the acceptance of a call to the Second Presbyterian Church, of Cincinnati, Ohio. On the eve of departure, my mother was called to the rest of Paradise, closing a life of unflinching work for the Master, charming with the refinement of the highest Christian graces. In Cincinnati my father followed Dr. Lyman Beecher, whose keen, strong face was often seen in the pulpit; not infrequently Dr. Beecher would rise at the close of one of my father's sermons to add one of his own trenchant, pungent apothegms. While resident in Cincinnati my father received the doctorate from Marietta College. He was married while in Cincinnati to Miss Julia Chamberlain, of Exeter, N. H. The climate not being favorable, my father removed to New England, becoming pastor of an independent church, the Beneficent, in Providence, R. I. While with this church it became connected with the Congregational denomination. Seven years of a most blessed ministry followed, full of the richest spiritual work and growth. Eighty members were set off at one time to form another parish. A brief residence in Northampton, Mass., over the church early ministered to by the scholarly divine, Rev. Johathan Edwards, was succeeded by my father's last pastorate in Lowell, Mass., with the church now known as the Elliot. While thus ministering the war of the Rebellion sounded its dire tocsin, the patriotism of blood and heart and brain awoke in fullest measure, and my father resigned his charge to become chaplain of the 30th Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. This regiment was detailed under General B. F. Butler to Ship Island. After a sojourn of months to collect forces, the expedition went into active duty, capturing the Forts St. Phillip and Jackson, thus, on to New Orleans. The exposure and enervating climate compelled my father to resign his commission. He was, after a year's illness, able to preach, and rarely failed to do so. He made his home during the later years in Newburyport, Mass., where he ceased from his labors on the 7th of March, 1873.

His character, how can I express in words which are adequate! Through all his life he did with his might everything which he undertook. In his first ministry he became intensely alive to the evils of the drink habit, and always worked for its suppression, though not in its political phase. In Michigan he became a strong anti-slavery advocate, his horse often helping, I believe, in that redoubtable "underground" railway—the tide setting in which came to the flood in the campaign of the sixties, where he won the hearts of "his boys in blue," who called him "Father Cleaveland." Though an indefatigable worker as pastor, he found time, or made it, for manifold lectures before literary and religious societies, and for special sermons, many of which were published. His marvelous tact and happy humor enabled him to do wonders in harmonizing discordant elements, calling him to frequent councils as moderator or arbitrator. He was a fine scholar, especially in Greek and Hebrew. An exegesis we found in his Hebrew Bible, upon which he had been writing on the day when he was touched with the paralysis which closed his life—a life full of kindness, rich in deeds of genuine help to rich and poor, to any one whom he could lift to a better temporal or spiritual condition. Loved by the little ones of his flocks, he was eminently the young man's friend. What he was in his home, those who have seen him can judge; one could not portray it. His life ended in the light mortal eye cannot see. His last utterance, "O the glory! the glory inexpressible! resplendent!" repeated with renewed emphasis, was its fitting crown.

